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PARALLEL TRIALS.
A trial much resembling that which caused the New Orleans riot and resulted in the lynching of the eleven Italians at the Parish Prison is recalled by the setting free of VINCENZO QUARTARANO by Recorder SMITH. On the night of Oct. 14th, 1888, ANTONIO FLACCOMIO was knifed to death in front of Cooper Institute. The stabbing was done by several men seen by passers-by. FLACCOMIO fell dead, and his murderers fled. The killing was credited to the police to the Mafia. It was learned that a number of Italians had been playing cards in a saloon immediately prior to the murder, and that when FLACCOMIO left he was followed and slain. Three Italians found in the saloon were arrested on suspicion. They said that the murder had been committed by CARLO and VINCENZO QUARTARANO, brothers, who were sworn to kill FLACCOMIO. An unsuccessful search was made by the police for these men. VINCENZO QUARTARANO, who kept a fruit store in West Twelfth street, was found there by an EVENING WORLD reporter, who gave him the first information that he was wanted. He promptly gave himself up at Police Headquarters. On the testimony of the three Italians he was indicted and tried for murder in the first degree.

The trial resembled the one in New Orleans in several respects. A great deal of perjury was committed. It was alleged that FLACCOMIO was killed by the order of the Mafia, and that the QUARTARANO brothers had been selected to carry out its edict. The three Italians swore positively to these facts, and also that VINCENZO and CARLO QUARTARANO were in the saloon immediately preceding the murder, giving detailed description of a knife that VINCENZO QUARTARANO there exhibited. They gave such a minute and circumstantial chain of testimony that it seemed impossible that QUARTARANO could escape.

THE EVENING WORLD made a thorough investigation in the case. It found that at the time VINCENZO QUARTARANO was said to have stabbed FLACCOMIO, he was with his wife in the waiting-room of the New Haven Railroad Station at Mount Vernon waiting for a train. At the time the witnesses swore that he was playing cards with FLACCOMIO, reliable people were talking with him in his Mount Vernon fruit store. A dozen witnesses of respectability and standing were obtained, who, at his trial, swore to his being in Mount Vernon, and clearly proved his alibi. The police took the side of the three Italians. It was a most interesting hearing. The circumstantial testimony of the prosecution had its effect and the jury disagreed. QUARTARANO was released on bail and remained free until a month ago, when his bondsman gave him up. Then followed his discharge.

The stories of the Mafia were also investigated by THE EVENING WORLD at that time, and it was found that if that society did exist in New York it was a peaceful and orderly organization. It was impossible to trace to it any deed of violence. The evidence against QUARTARANO was stronger than that against the Italians executed by the New Orleans mob, and this case and its outcome might be thoughtfully considered in connection with the Parish Prison tragedy.

DODGING THE MURDER PENALTY.
Another murder by a burglar has occurred, the victim this time being Mrs. THOMAS C. CLARK, wife of an Edwardsville, Ill., grocer. She received the shot meant for her husband. The details of the crime are printed in this morning's papers, whose columns also contain the announcement that still a further stay has been granted in the case of McILVAINE, the condemned murderer of Grocer LUCA, of Brooklyn.

Though the scene of McILVAINE's crime is far from that where Mrs. CLARK met her death, association of these two pieces of morbid intelligence is unavoidable. No one can read without a feeling of horror and a shivering of the heart the story of the Illinois tragedy. None can fail, realizing that McILVAINE's crime was, if possible, even more cold-blooded and terrible than that of the as yet unknown Edwardsville burglar, to realize also the fearful weakness of a system of criminal law which can be so juggled with as is ours in the case of McILVAINE. There are and have been numerous other instances of such vicious jugglery, but this one, for circumstantial reasons, unique in its audacity and peculiarly ominous to the peace, well-being and safety of the community.

There is not one point in the McILVAINE case to justify a single step which has been taken to secure delay in his execution. He stands as one of the worst types of a most dangerous class of criminals. Threats of further murder have passed his lips, even since conviction for his Brooklyn deed had been secured. His continued exemption from the punishment which the law prescribes is an outrage upon the people whom the law is presumed to protect. The evil in his case is the loudest among all the evils that cry for reform in the criminal law's provisions and administration.

A Boston Italian who deals in the golden harness attempted to arrange a domestic

complication by hanging his wife. He had gagged her, fastened a slip-knot around her neck, and in a moment more the strangled feeling between the pair would have been very strained indeed. Happily, a neighbor entered and the suspension was suspended. Who would have supposed an afternoon call could be such an opportune thing. The Italian gentleman's attitude must have been in pawn. Or had he become Americanized?

KEEP THE SCHOOLS PURE.
Complaint has been made that one of the public schools is situated in a neighborhood where flagrant and open depravity is obtruded on the attention of the children who attend it. If this be true, it seems unnecessary to say that such a state of things should be done away with at once. Nothing is so powerful for the child mind as example. A single specimen of marked evil photographs itself upon a young, impressionable imagination, and its bad influence is felt for years. Moral hygiene is even more important than physical healthfulness. For one cannot always be well, but all men can be clean and wholesome in heart and brain.

To infect the apt-as-soon-as school-children with any germ of viciousness is like poisoning the wells. Any neighborhood which cannot be purged of open iniquity is no place for a school. If this report be true, and there is reason to believe it is, it is incumbent on the authorities to disinfect the malarious spot or remove the school. It is a cardinal civic sin to rear bad citizens, and depraving young minds by foul example is the surest way to do this. Prompt, energetic action should be taken in this matter. Justice and decency demand it.

With all the talk about taking down poles and removing wires, it seems that a towering object on a cart still runs against them both. A big boiler, as it was being carried along on Christopher street, caught a wire and pulled down wire and pole. Two or three persons were shocked, for, of course, it was a "live" wire. Now that pole is down, leave it down, and tear down the rest.

It is suggested that small pavilions be erected on the Brooklyn Bridge above the car tracks, where one may sit of a Summer evening and breathe the grateful air while enjoying the magnificent panorama stretching before the eyes. Such a scheme would be a perfect blessing for those whose blessings are quickened.

BISMARCK appears to have failed of a majority, after all, and can only be successful through a supplementary election. How completely have times changed when the former "Iron Chancellor" of the vast German Empire must knock twice before he can be admitted to a member's seat in the Reichstag.

Opposition to the Alliance movement among the white Democrats of the South is developing unexpected strength. Veteran standard-bearers of the Democracy are inclined to look upon the proposed union, of the old party and the new one as a suggested mantle.

A pleasant feature of the Fessett Committee report to the Legislature was its commendation of our Fire Department. If the Senators had seen our laddies work against last night's blaze in the Ninth Ward, they could have made a glowing special report on the spot.

PHILIP COUZINS, bounced from the Secretaryship of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition, now threatens to make her backers sick. The quarrel has already made the public weary.

United States Lieutenant POWHATAN H. CLARK has been assigned to do duty with a crack regiment of German hussars. He will be expected to acquit himself with an American burrah.

Chicago's Mayoralty election is not decided yet. In spite of howls to the contrary, New York City has the straightest elections in the country.

The passage of the bill to make the Fourth Avenue Tunnel safe is one of the biggest victories the people have ever won over a corporation.

Premier RUDIN wants time for consideration. In the game of bluff, when your hand is called you have got to lay it down at once.

It is evident that our Giants took no wooden horse into Troy yesterday. So the Trojans got first horse on them.

Latest accounts show that Newfoundland wants to join us. It might, and we would not know it unless told.

Inspector BYRNES has created a real rum-pus among the race-track operators. How will it end?

The Senate has passed a bill to stop taking toll from Bridge pedestrians. A rightous action.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

A Neat Hat for Children—Novelty in Black Handkerchiefs—The Latest in Umbrella Handles—An Everlasting Dress for a Frolicsome Girl.

Buy your small girl a big black leghorn or brown ship hat; have the milliner trim two yards of three-inch ribbon as high as the maiden's eyes into a big beautiful bow. You find the crown with a strip of silk mull or tulle lawn, pin on the bow, and you have solved one problem in Summer millinery.

Never had any article of fashionable clothing a greater run than the high-shouldered, high-collared short cloaks are enjoying at present. Quite young girls wear them, and not only as driving and evening wraps, but for walking. They are to be seen in henrope, tawny, gray, red and black, cloth, and also in the new color, which has as yet met but little favor, the bright blue, which is as nearly the shade of the bluebell of Scotland as possible. All are trimmed, more or less, with jetted passementerie, some with the jeweled knot—notably, black with black guttural, studded with imitation rubies, amber or turquoise. The collars rise to the level of the wearer's ears in most cases, the edges being softened by a ruche of ostrich or cock feathers. Some of the red or light-colored cloaks are studded all over with stars, composed of one flat-cut jet bead, surrounded by small ones; others, with hoods, have a broad, gold ribbon run in and out near the edge of the hood, as if drawing up the fullness, lying over in front and falling very long, with gold tassels at the ends; white others have a ruche of rich passementerie, with a thick ruche bordering it.



The close skirts will give the human anatomy a chance and may induce some to take shorter strides. A graceful walk is rarer than a white blackbird. American women do nearly all things well except to carry themselves as well as an Englishwoman, to gesticulate as gracefully as a Spaniard or talk in the soft tones of an Italian. Just at present, repose is studied in every movement and gesture. If one has a pretty hand one may gesticulate a trifle, but staidness beauty is at a premium and vivacity below par. The stately Louis Quinze bodies rather add to the desired effect, as a woman cannot act kitchin in a coat having twelve inches below the waist line opening over a vest of tulle embroidered satin.

Mrs. Mary Lowell, a practical electrician, has invented a contrivance by which she is enabled to light her kitchen fire from her bedroom. A wire connects her chamber with the kitchen, and pressure upon a knob creates an electric spark that lights the previously prepared kitchen fire.

There is a red and white striped bed ticking in the market selling at 50 cents and less which will make an everlasting dress for your tomboy daughter. Some plain red or white braid for trimming will make the little frock pretty.

Black handkerchiefs, embroidered in silver and colored threads, are decidedly new. For the woman who cares to wear one tucked in her belt or bodice just for show there are black lace squares, embellished with gold, copper and floral silks.

Here are some extracts from the employment column of a London paper showing how sorely are the needs of the poor and dependent women of the wealthy city:

Wanted: Handkerchiefs, 50 cents; letters half a cent each; monograms one and a half cents.

An invalid knits everlasting dish cloths: five cents; please order.

Invalid solicits orders for bedroom slippers: \$1 per pair.

Pretty violet baskets for table decoration, made to order, 5 cents.

Poor lady, large family, entails orders for Shetland wraps: 50 cents.

Pretty wool egg cozies, 5 cents; all kinds of stockings refected, 10 cents.

Will any lady send for samples of handkerchiefs, woven by Irish peasant, and so help cottage industry: Ladies size, pure linen, \$1.50 a dozen.

Lady solicits orders for candle shades, three and a half cents each.

Socks resoled, three cents.

Children's mother's dresses and makes up children's frocks, 50 cents. Samples sent.

Knitted socks refected, four cents; ladies supply wool.

Orders wanted for children's dangle-dangle dresses, 50 cents.

Babies' boots crocheted, four and a half cents a pair.

SPOTLETS.
Och, the Texas mariners, was troubled in his sleep by dreams of velvet ruffles. "Och-a-bun!"

The "current" of events in "cells" at some of our prisons is electrifying.

What article love in the hunt is the hue and cry. Especially the hue.

Along the shore the city girl will soon be making tracks. And to the hotel her papa will come up the stairs. —Clock Review.

Nothing more propitious will discriminate against Minnesota legislators this season.

Bahrings' Sea is great for seals, but Bay Ridge is the habitat of the yacht.

Somebody has compared Harrison to Napoleon. There is no reason for lawless imagination.

Water in Louisiana can buy a good deal.

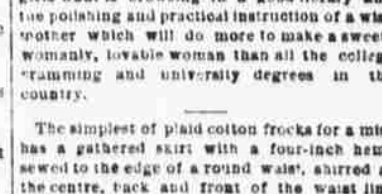
Anna Lotita Dies Deaf! How we wonder where you are!

M. Borden has caused a list to be made of the number of degrees that have been taken by women at the schools of the Faculties of the College of France since 1866, when women were first admitted. The total number is 330; this includes 20 in medicine, 61 in mathematics and other sciences, 61 in classics and belles lettres, 16 in both classics and sciences, one in pharmacy, and one has obtained the degree of D.D. As a record of almost a quarter of a century it would seem that the French women are not waiting for higher education. Eight graduates a year would hardly pay for the support of one chair. What the modern girls want is a good library and the pointing and practical instruction of a wise mother which will do more to make a sweet, womanly, lovable woman than all the college "training" and university degrees in the country.

The simplest of plain cotton frocks for a miss has a gathered skirt with a four-inch hem, sewed to the edge of a ruffled waist, shirred at the center, back and front of the waist just and buttoned in the back. The high collar and cuffs on the full-topped sleeves are of embroidery or white cotton passementerie. A canvas, leather, or ribbon belt may be worn.

The theory for young girls is most artistic in construction and design. All skirts of fabric are plainly made with a hem four or five inches deep, and gathered to the edge of the ruche or slightly pointed waist, which may have a round, square or V-shaped neck over the gump, and long sleeves of tucking or embroidery. Again, the gump is without sleeves, and then the fly pulled down sleeves are elongated to the wrist. Waists are plaited

H-O is the perfect food for child, youth and maiden, man and woman, the tired, the rich, the strong, the poor, and those whose faces are towards the sunset. It is the food for everybody. You are everybody. Get it at your grocer's.



FUN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A Few Illustrated Witicisms Culled from Various Sources.

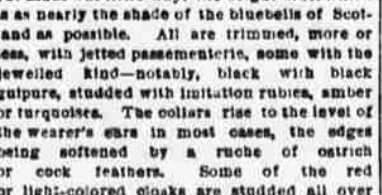
HARDLY EVER.
(From Judge.)



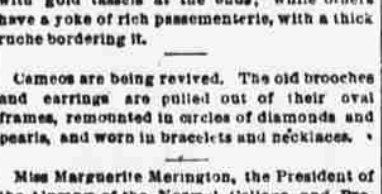
"Oh, yes, indeed; whenever we strike a week, Mrs. Maup, this contraband comes jumping up; but then, good yachtsmen never allow their boats to run on—"



I fancy that many who read with a sigh of envy the merry yarns of the *Alfred* to the Mediterranean will smile a little grimly at the picture of "Willie" Vanderbilt and his friends keeping in the nursery and smoking-room, as far forward as they could, for the last days of the trip home. The poor mail-boat-infected sailor down below had more influence on that great ever-sleeping host, however. Mr. Vanderbilt must not feel hurt if invitations to social things come in rather slowly for a fortnight. He may "break out" himself, you know.



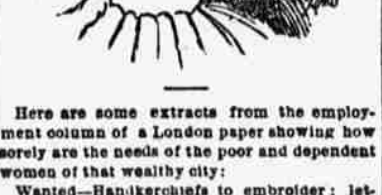
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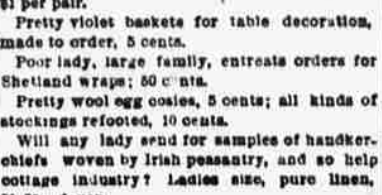
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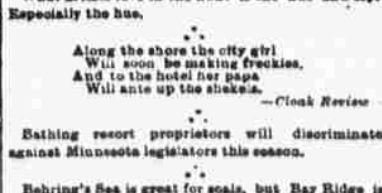
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Forger James E. Redell, now of Ring Sing, claims immunity from punishment on the ground that as an accomplice who has turned State's evidence he is entitled under the law to a pardon. He says that there is no reason why he should express any penitence for his crime, and he does not care for public sympathy. The general opinion which prevailed at the time of his conviction, that Redell was one of the most case-hardened criminals on record, will hardly be modified by the position which he now takes in demanding his discharge from imprisonment.



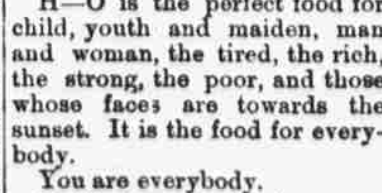
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(From Judge.)
Frank (at the ball)—You are looking lovely this evening.
May—Do you think so? Tom said I was "not looking so well."
Frank—Well, not altogether.



Clerk—A pair of our \$3 shoes; yes, sir. Will you have the heavy or the light weight, sir?
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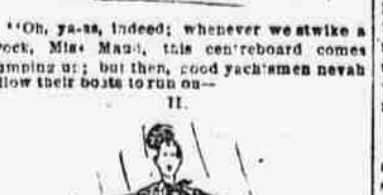
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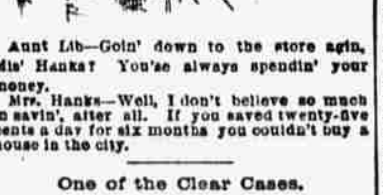
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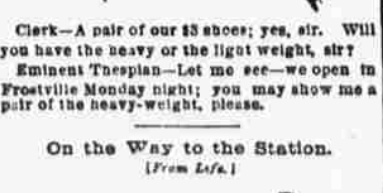
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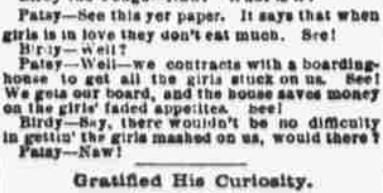
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THE CLEANER.

The cable despatch announcing that Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro was a mother, proved to be untrue. It was sent to this city by one of the news agencies. A contradiction sent out to-day credits the story to a Mrs. Edwards, who stopped at the same hotel with the Navarro. The agency is to be very melancholy and unhappy, and so constituted as to be hardly recognized as her old self.

Mr. Edwin A. Blashfield is still in Paris working hard at his art. Mr. Blashfield's portrait of Miss Wilbur is the most striking thing in the present Academy exhibition. The number on the frame betrays that it is a Salon picture. Mr. Blashfield is one of the most promising of the younger artists. He does a good deal of illustrating, as well as fine portrait work.

Mrs. Blashfield, well known to the magazine readers as a brilliant writer, is still in Egypt, where she has spent the winter with her family. Prof. Wilbur, her father, is eagerly searching for new "finds" in the way of domestic inscriptions and the like. In a recent letter home Mrs. Blashfield says the Egyptians have laid a trap for the artist, and have invited him to a real American rail, but to those untrained upon being it seemed portions. "They will probably allude to 1891 as the year of the rail," Mrs. Blashfield said.

Judging from the height above their horses at which some of the baggage drivers sit, I should think the poor animal would support a tug at the reins was merely an imposition to hold up his head. I saw a driver perched on a load of big boxes, fully ten or twelve feet above the horse.

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On the Way to the Station.
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Frank (at the ball)—You are looking lovely this evening.
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Frank—Well, not altogether.

Grandpa—Yes, it's a good thing for a boy to travel, Freddy; it develops him. If he has anything in him, travel will bring it out. Freddy (who is present)—Yes, I discovered that when I was crossing the Atlantic.

They Considered Themselves Irresistible.
(From the Epoch.)
Play the Trump—Boy, I've got a new scheme.
Birty the Tough—Naw. What is it?
Birty—See this paper. It says that when girls is in love they don't eat much. See! Birty—Well, we contract with a boarding-house to get all the girls stuck on us. See! We give out board, and the house saves money on the girls' faded appetites. See! Birty—Boy, there wouldn't be no difficulty in getting the girls stuck on us, would there? Birty—Naw!

Gratified His Curiosity.
(From the Epoch.)
Suspicious Character—What time is it?
Traveler (producing pistol)—Time to say good-bye.

It stands alone, Pearlina—the only perfect washing medium. It cleans your house or your hands—it washes your finest clothes or your carpet. It does it easily and thoroughly. Nothing can be harmed by it; labor is lessened by it; it saves time, money and wear. Millions use it—almost every soap-maker is trying to imitate it. Pearlina is better than soap—soap is better than nothing—there's nothing better than Pearlina.



There is quite a difference between buying goods cheap and in buying cheap goods.

Buying cheap goods is like buying a cheap mule—which can never be relied on, a constant worry and annoyance, and often a predicament.

Spring Overcoats are garments where neatness, taste and skill can be represented. There is more room for display in getting up a line of Spring Overcoats than in any other branch of the clothing business (except our Children's Suits, in which we have no equal), and we pride ourselves that we can show the largest stock in the city.

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY.
SPRING OVERCOATS.....\$8.80
BOYS' FINE CASSIMERE SUITS.....\$5.00
MEN'S FINE CASSIMERE SUITS.....\$15.00

250 dozen finest Neckwear, 75c. value, go at 38 cents. Open Every Evening Until 9. Open Saturday Evenings Until 11.

Mann Brothers,
Grand & Orchard Sts.

THE KENDALS.
Another success was added last night to the long and refreshing list of triumphs scored by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. It was at Palmer's Theatre, and the performance included "The Ladies' Battle," a comedy in three acts, adapted by Mrs. Kendal's brother, T. W. Robertson, from the French, and "A Happy Fair," the familiar comedietta in one act by T. W. Robertson, very popular with amateurs, because they think it is easy. Before I go any further, I must lift up my voice and say to these amateurs "Go and see the Kendals in 'A Happy Fair,' then return to your sad and desolate homes, and weep and blush all the colors of the rainbow, and swear that you will never see again."

The comedietta made more of a hit than did Robertson's adaptation. Mrs. Kendal was simply delightful in the sincerity and the naïveté of her interpretation of Mrs. Honeyton, while Mr. Kendal as the husband infused a great deal of appropriate humor into the part. No point in the play was so well handled as the scene in which Mrs. Honeyton is accused of her full significance. No author ever had a more perfect interpretation than S. Thorne Smith.

In "The Ladies' Battle," Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as Gustave de Grignon and the Countess d'Autreval met at heart. Mrs. Kendal possesses the power of being jolly and refined at the same time. As a rule, pale and lifeless refinement does not condescend to associate itself with beaming, glossy jolly. In Mrs. Kendal the combination is perfect. She is as jolly as a sandboy (why are sandboys j